

kindly ways of the nuns who, when it did not interfere with their duties and meditations, were very merry, and pleased to chat with us.

The whole work of the Convent is done by the nuns; the one who did our room, "La Soeur Marie—Marthe," the kindest of souls, could not even write her name. She, of course, was only a lay sister. Two waited on us at meals. The buildings were very extensive; and the different houses were called Saint Joseph, Paris and Rome. We were in the latter. There was also an enormous garden, which was very pleasant in the evening, for we were supposed to be within the gates at eight o'clock, the hour for the nuns of Grand Silence. French lessons were obtainable at one franc an hour. This hour was a precious one; you had a nun to yourself, and then walked round or sat down in the garden, talking or reading, &c.

The fees of the Convent are extremely reasonable, 25 frs. a week, which includes all meals. Washing, &c., extra. Sanitary arrangements, as may be expected, are not good; baths quite unavailable, unless you supply yourself with a bath.

The Sisters of the Cross are expecting notice to quit at any time; but should they be there next summer, any student who felt so inclined to spend such a holiday, could not do better than try this Convent. Every one of the visitors who were there with us spoke most highly of it.

The country around is pretty, and Tréguier lies six or seven miles from the coast; but the places of interest around are very un-get-at-able unless you have bicycles. The coast is very wild and rugged. The neighbouring places we bicycled to were Painpol, from where we crossed to the I'le de Brehal, Port Clanc, Lannion, Ploumanac'h, &c.

Tréguier itself is an old Cathedral town, and is the birth-place of Renan. In the Cathedral is the tomb of St. Yves (1253—1303), who is also the Patron Saint. Tréguier is reached by train from St. Malo *via* Lamballe, St. Brieuc, and Guingamp.

Our month ended too quickly, alas, and all was to be but a memory.

R. M. W.

THE BOOK CLUB (SO-CALLED).

It is abominable, brethren! One hundred and fifty students, but not one suggestion of books to read; not one comment on books read; not one communication dealing with books for our own reading or the children's committed to our care. And we talk about "education by books." Is it all talk?

Entreaty has not availed, nor sarcasm; are your hearts harder than book covers?

The following books are compiled from one private list. How much more interesting would have been the public comparison of many lists.

"The Eve of the Reformation," Don Gasquet.

An invaluable study of the conditions of the Church in England before 1525, from a modern Romanist's point of view.

"The Other Side of the Lantern," Treves.

Travels in India, China, and Japan. Very interesting, because the writer does not merely see but has insight.

"The Voyage of the Discovery," Captain P. Scott.

"The Seven Angels of the Renaissance," Bayliss.

Studies of Cimabue, Botticelli, Bellini, &c.

"My Life," A. R. Wallace.

The autobiography of the modern Darwin.

"Two Little Savages," E. Seton Thompson.

Should be studied by all who want to play at "tracking and scouting!"

"The Upton Letters," T. B.

The reflections of a schoolmaster. The metaphysical side of teaching.

"The Book of the Spiritual Life," Lady Dilke.

An interesting glimpse of a woman's mind.

"The Strife of the Unit," Garrard.

From the Amoëba up to Socialism.

"The Simple Way," Laotze. Published by Wellby, price 1s.

Interesting to compare with modern ideas of "The Simple Life."

"The Gospel and the Church," Abbé Loisy.

A modern Romanist's conception of Evolution in belief, and most interesting for those who can read theology taking the bias of the author into consideration.

HISTORICAL STORY BOOKS.

The following books all touch upon various historical periods, and might be useful for reading to girls in Classes III. or IV.; but care should be taken to read them first, as they are of varying degrees of merit and suitability.

"Under Bayard's Banner," H. Firth.

"Cambria's Chieftain," E. Everitt Green.

A tale of Owen Glendower and Henry IV. and V.

"In Jacobite Days."

An excellent story of the landing of William of Orange.

"The Oak Staircase," M. V. C. Lee.

Monmouth's Rebellion and the same period.

"Lady Joanna," E. Everitt Green.

Edward I. &c.—rather unduly sentimental.

"The Carved Cartoon," S. Austen.

Charles II. and Grinling Gibbons.

"Under Drake's Flag," G. Henty.

"Her Majesty's Bear," E. Harcourt Mitchell.

A tale of Dover in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

"Sir Mortimer," M. Johnson.

Service under Drake in Spanish America, &c.

"Lysbeth," H. Ryder Haggard.

A tale for older girls of the Netherlands and the revolt against Spain.

The Editor would be glad to receive additions to this list of books dealing with *any* period, provided the period is named.

NATURE NOTES.

The months of October and November have been, as usual, rich in fungus.

Among the club-shaped fungi we have found *clavaria fastigiata*. This grows in abundance on the grassy slopes of Loughrigg. In Germany it is eaten under the name of Ziegenbart.

Clavaria amethystine is much rarer here: we found it in Dove's Nest Woods; its name denotes its beautiful colour.

Clavaria vermicularis, called by children "fairy candles," we find on the lawn; it is a snowy-white species.

The bundles of dead sticks in the woods are covered with spots of coral red; this is *nectria cinnabarina*. Some of the logs are beautifully decorated with long lines of *polystictus versicolor*, a fan-shaped fungus, with velvety green and brown semi-circular markings.

Early in October we found large patches of *craterellus cornucopioides* on the roots of felled trees by Stock Ghyll—its English name is "Horn of Plenty." It is a black, funnel-shaped fungus; the outside is covered with bloom, like that seen on plums, and it is on this bloom that the spores are borne. Growing on dead wood we found a thick jelly-like substance, the colour of mulberries; its name is *tremella moriformis*.

Another jelly-like fungus we found under dead wood in the garden; there were five tiny globes of clear, white jelly, each about the size of a small pin's head. Thinking they were an insect's eggs, they were sent to Mr. Thornley to be named, and he told us—and we proved by watching them under the microscope—that they were fungi; they belong to the order *myxogastres*.

We have also found a good variety of agarics and some boleti.

QUERY.

Can anyone account for this freak of nature:—

On the bowling green of an inn not far from the village of Causton, in Norfolk, grow two trees of considerable size

and age. Every branch and *every twig* of these trees bears three different kinds of leaves, namely, oak, beech, and hornbeam. One of the trees was covered with the fruit of the hornbeam, but I could find neither beech nuts nor acorns; these, however, might well be hidden in the upper branches.

M. G. G.

STUDENTS' LETTER.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

This is the last letter we seniors shall be sending to the budget. It seems no time since we came back from the summer holidays; and now we are in the midst of final crits, and expecting Mr. Parez on Tuesday.

At the beginning of October a school inspector, Mr. Holmes, came to stay for a few days. Two special criticism lessons were given before him on the "use of books," and Spenser being chosen for one, Mr. Holmes gave us some valuable hints on "blank verse" in English poetry, having himself written on the subject.

We have a Miss Blandy staying in the house this term for Swedish Drill and dancing, which we are enjoying immensely; she is also coaching us in hockey, and last Wednesday we played a match, Seniors v. Juniors, resulting in a victory for Seniors by two goals. We play on the hockey field at Waterhead now, every Monday and Wednesday, and have had some very good games.

I wonder if you have, like us, been watching the beautiful sunsets we have had lately; and last Wednesday, 16th, we all rushed out at about 5-30 to see part of an auroral—there was a lovely pink glow over part of the sky.

This letter has been left rather late, so I am afraid it must be rather a short one.

THE SENIOR STUDENTS.

ADOXA.

It groweth lowly in the shade,
Yet not so low that mud doth soil;
It fadeth not 'fore sun nor wind;
With tender, scented leaf it shields
Its root from draught; then rears aloft
Its gentle head of florets five:
One gazing ever up with steadfast eye,
The rest to East and West and North and South.

So would I be, not radiant as the rose,
Not full of charm like purple violet.
Mine be to fill with loving service meet
A humble place, and bear with grace alike
The winds of care and pleasant warmth of ease.
Yet still, above my daily round of work,
Serene let me lift up my gaze on high,
And seek the face of God right steadfastly,
Nor cease to breathe forth scent of grateful praise.
Then round on ev'ry side I'll turn my eyes
To seek whate'er may be within my reach
Of beauty that may glad my heart,
Of wonder, food for rev'rent thought,
Of joy or woe that I may share.

So may I be in truth Adoxa:
Glory be not mine nor praise;
Let me but be 'fore God and man
A useful thing of lowly joy.

K. R. H.